time implying an apprehension that I might not vote for the confirmation of Mr. Jones, which he had evidently much at heart, that I was sincerely sorry that I could not promptly answer " Yes." I should have been happy to please the President. But I had to tell him the truth. So I gathered myself together and replied that I knew nothing of Mr. Jones, either by personal knowledge or by report; that it was the duty of the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the qualifications for diplomatic service of the persons nominated for foreign missions and to report accordingly to the Senate, and that if Mr. Jones was found to possess those qualifications, it would give me the most genuine pleasure to vote for him. —This closed the conference.

A few days later there was a meeting of the Committee on Foreign Relations. After having disposed of some other business, Charles Sumner, its chairman, said in his usual grave tone: "Here is the President's nomination of Mr. Jones for the mission to Brussels. Can any member of the Committee give us any information concerning Mr. Jones?" There was a moment's silence. Then Senator Morton, of Indiana, a sarcastic smile flickering over his face—I see him now before me —replied: "Well, Mr. Jones is about the most elegant gentleman that ever presided over a livery stable." The whole committee, except Mr. Sumner, broke out in a laugh. Sumner,

with unbroken gravity, asked whether any other member of the Committee could give any further information. There was none. Whereupon Mr. Sumner suggested that the nomination be laid over for further inquiry, which was done.

At a subsequent meeting the Committee took up the case of Mr. Jones again. It was a matter of real embarrassment to every one of us. We all wished to avoid hurting the feelings of President Grant. There had been no malice in Senator Mor-